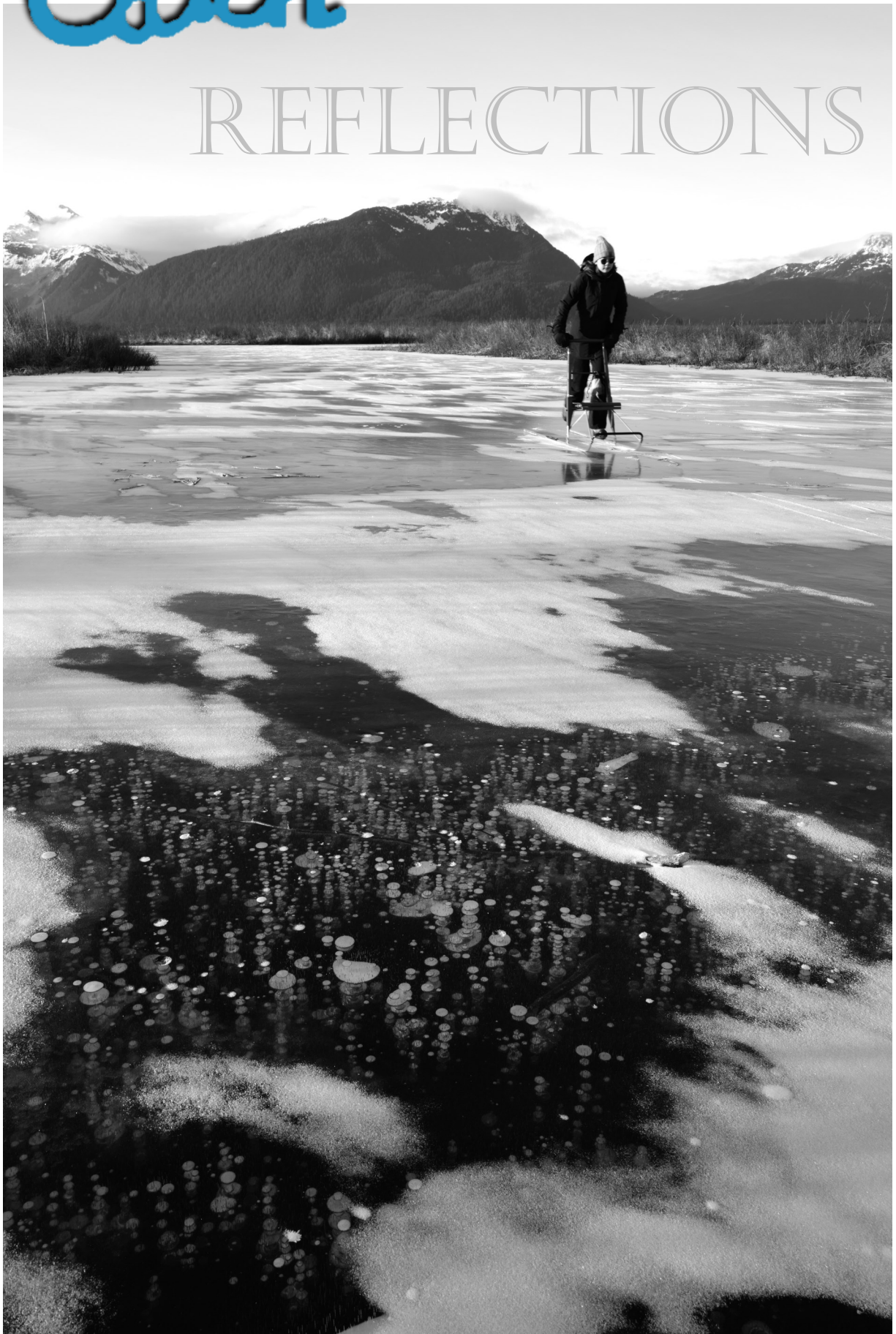


*The*

# Catch

WINTER 2023

## REFLECTIONS



— Photograph by David Saiget —

To receive a **free** digital copy of *The Catch* directly to your inbox, email [jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com](mailto:jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com).

For a printed copy, please visit the library or museum at the Cordova Center.

Cordova & Friends,

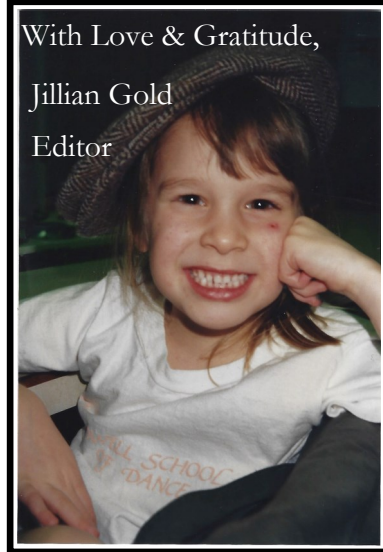
Welcome back to *The Catch*, Cordova's literary & arts quarterly. Here is where I extend a heartfelt, boldface, and exclamatory **THANK YOU** to all the contributing artists! Art reveals us in sometimes vulnerable ways. It is a gift to share in, and learn from, each other's experiences.



Thank you to a community who supports the arts.

See you in the Spring . . .

With Love & Gratitude,  
Jillian Gold  
Editor



**CALL**



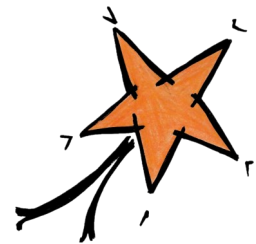
**FOR**

**SUBMISSIONS:**

Feature your art & writing in the **Spring** issue.

The theme is:

**Beasts, Legends,  
& everyday figures**



Email: [jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com](mailto:jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com) **OR** stop by the circulation desk

**Mail:** Cordova Public Library // ATTN The Catch // PO Box 1170 // Cordova, AK // 99574

**Submissions are due March 15th.**

**ALL AGES. ALL MEDIUMS. NO ENTRY LIMIT.**

# Seasonal Catch

---

## ARTWORKS

Sam Bair // *Pages 24, 28*

Sergei Bogatchev // *Pages 4, 9, 33*

Rob Brown // *Pages 19, 26*

Alysha Cypher // *Pages 11, 16*

David Lynn Grimes // *Page 30*

P. Payne // *Pages 17, 27*

Simone Raymond // *Page 34*

Sierra Westing // **BACK COVER**

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Chris Byrnes // *Pages 14, 20*

Ryan Casey // *Page 10*

Belinda Govatos // *Page 25*

David Lynn Grimes // *Page 12*

Hasan, Peter, & Leif // *Page 18*

Hamish Laird // *Page 32*

Marleen Moffitt // *Pages 22, 31*

Julie Reynolds // *Page 23*

David Saiget // **FRONT COVER,**

*Pages 5, 7, 15, 29, 35*

Steve Schoonmaker // *Page 21*

## WRITTEN WORKS

Elizabeth Allison // *Page 28*

Ronald Andersen // *Pages 31-33*

Oshiana Black // *Pages 10-11*

Rob Brown // *Page 26*

Toni Godes // *Page 34*

Jeanie Gold // *Page 12-13*

Jillian Gold // *Pages 16, 24*

David Lynn Grimes // *Page 30*

Hasan, Peter, & Leif // *Page 18*

Aviva Kinoko // *Page 26*

Gerald Masolini // *Pages 6, 8*

RETH // *Page 17*

Steve Schoonmaker // *Pages 14, 19-23, 35*

Willow Scott // *Page 4*

Cristina Vican // *Page 15*

---

## DISCLAIMER

The submissions in this publication exclusively reflect the views and opinions of the participating artists and do not, in any way, represent the views or opinions of the city or its members.

**Each contributing Author/Artist is the sole copyright owner of their work and retains all rights to the work submitted.**  
Friends of the Library retains the copyright to The Catch, as a collective work.

While some profanities have been edited (with writer permissions), there is occasional use of forceful language in this publication.

***Please exercise reader discretion.***

## My Name

By Willow Scott

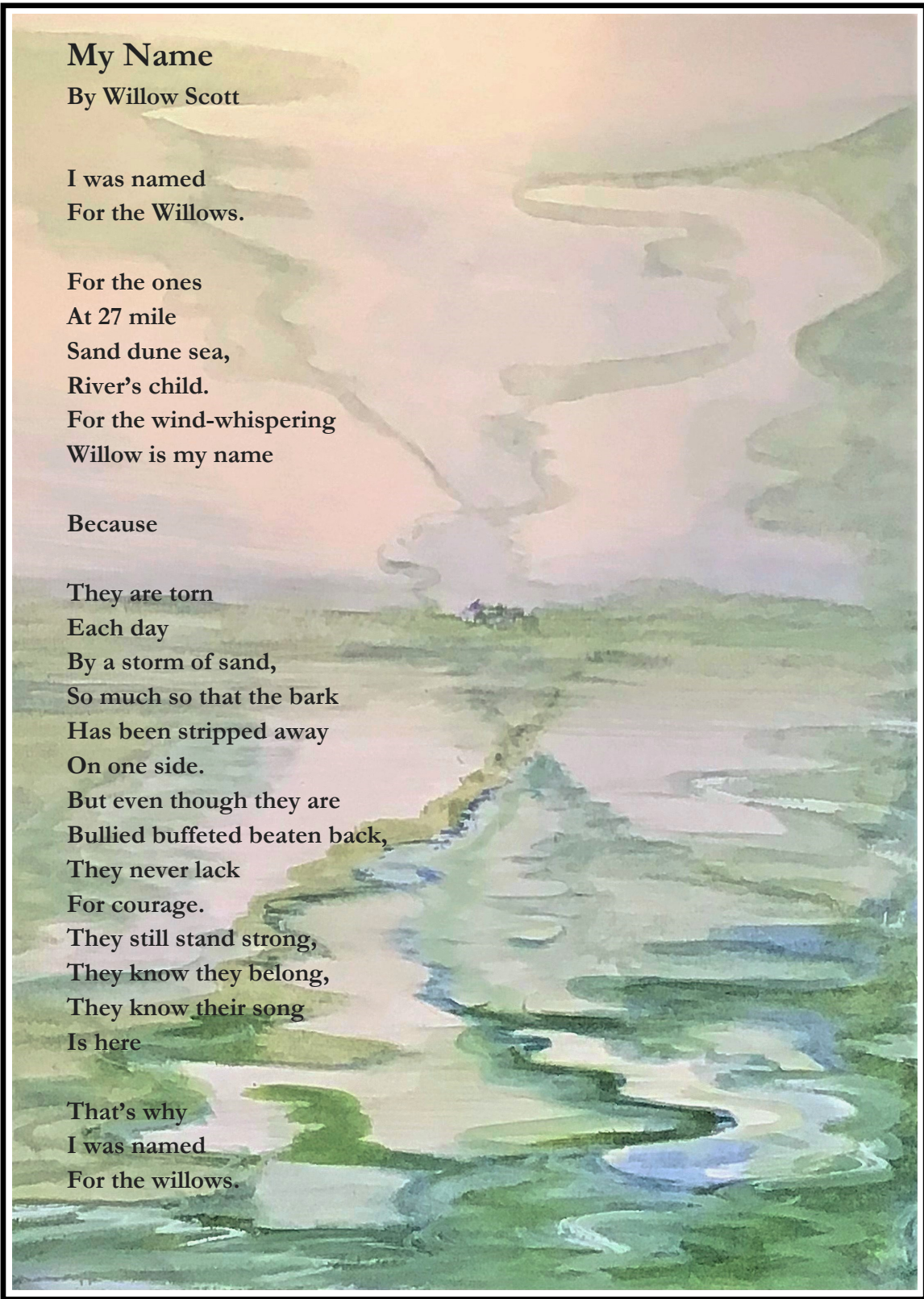
I was named  
For the Willows.

For the ones  
At 27 mile  
Sand dune sea,  
River's child.  
For the wind-whispering  
Willow is my name

Because

They are torn  
Each day  
By a storm of sand,  
So much so that the bark  
Has been stripped away  
On one side.  
But even though they are  
Bullied buffeted beaten back,  
They never lack  
For courage.  
They still stand strong,  
They know they belong,  
They know their song  
Is here

That's why  
I was named  
For the willows.



*Watercolors* by Sergei Bogatchev



*Photograph by David Saiget*



## Dogsledding to the Maternity Ward

By Gerald Pieface Masolini

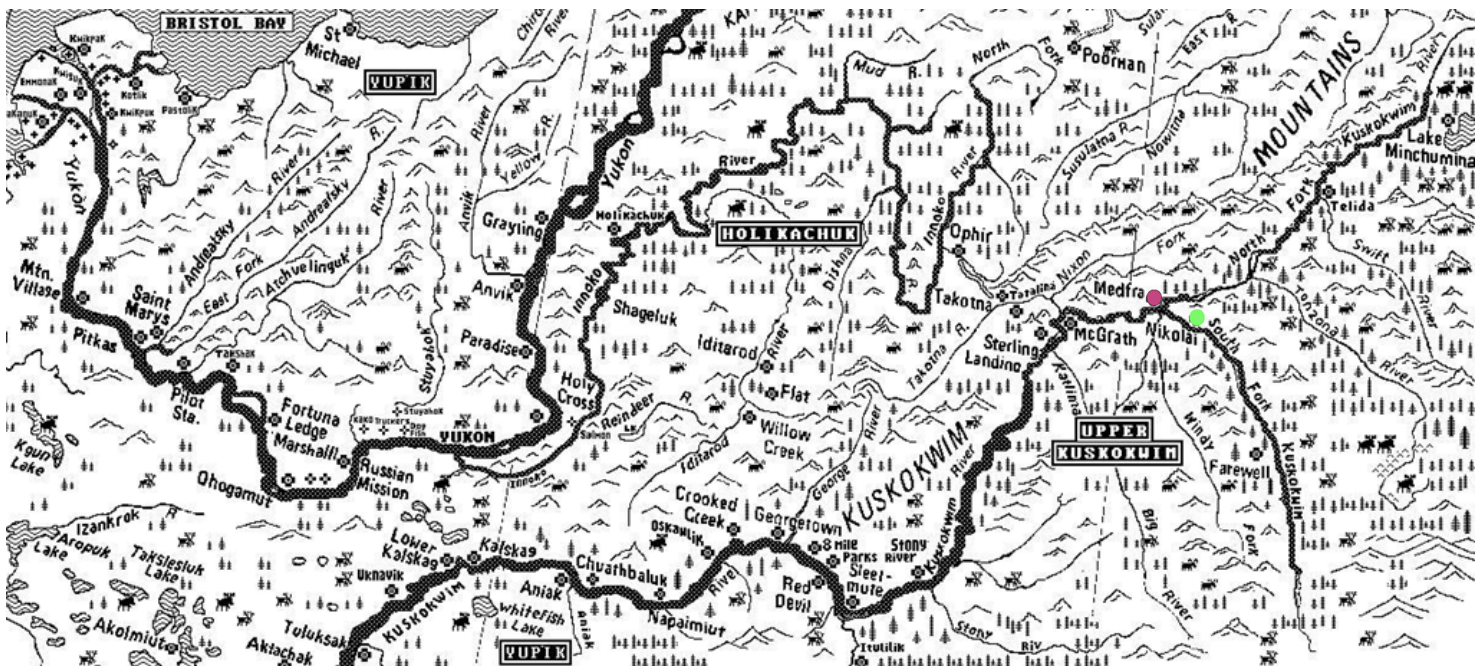
My wife, Agnes Sue Masolini, was born in the upper watershed of Alaska's Kuskokwim River. Her dad, Howard Graham had established a 150-mile-long trapline there before WWII. After the war he took up the trapline again, and married Martha Dennis from the Athabaskan village of Nikolai. Martha was the daughter of Chief Andrew Dennis.

Martha joined Howard in the wilderness, hunting and trapping with him. One of their favorite memories was when they had hunted moose all day with no luck, so they decided on splitting up on the way back to the cabin. Arriving there first, Martha found a cow moose in her yard, but could not bring herself to shoot. In time Howard

showed up and asked her why she hadn't killed the moose. Martha explained that every time she raised her rifle, the moose looked at her.

The trapline consisted of a main cabin and several small cabins for shelter along the 150-mile route. All cabins were supplied with a wood burning stove and plenty of firewood. I always wondered how trappers carried stoves out to their cabins. When I read *Shadows on the Koyukuk*, written by Sidney Huntington as told to Jim Rearden, I learned that early white men had taught the natives how to work with sheet metal and make their own stoves. I once winter-camped with a fold-up sheet metal stove and it really worked, giving off a cozy red glow on those cold nights.

(continues on page 8)



Jones, Bill. *Alaska's Lower Yukon and Upper Kuskokwim Rivers : Cultural Habitats*.

<https://explorenorth.com/library/maps/n-bjonesmap8.htm> (used with permission of collection holder).



*Photograph* by David Saiget

Howard was a known expert with dog teams and especially good at training lead dogs. One of his favorite dog stories was about a time when he and Martha were weathering out a storm in their cabin, he decided to check on his team. He peeked out the door and not a dog was in sight, just a flat field of snow. He whistled and the whole yard popped up with dog heads. They were all buried in the snow like cocoons, out of the wind and heated by their body temperatures.

Howard knew how to tell if it was too cold for man or dog to trap on any particular day; he would spit out of the door and if it would crackle before it hit the ground, everybody got the day off.

November 9, 1947 started out to be a normal day for Howard and Martha. She was pregnant with her first baby and, living far out in the wilderness, she had not visited a doctor and could only guess when the baby was going to arrive. However, baby Sue had some ideas about that. As the morning progressed, she began to get more rambunc-

tious to a point where her parents knew a birth was going to happen soon. Howard bundled up Martha in the dogsled and headed for Medfra where he hoped he could put her on a plane to be flown to a hospital in Fairbanks for the birth. However, 70 miles down the trail, Sue was ready to see daylight. When they got to the trading post in Medfra, the storekeeper, Dora Stone helped Martha deliver the baby. They kept her warm by wrapping her in a blanket and laid her on the oven door and that is how this old world met wonderful Sue.

Howard liked to tell the story of when he approached the midwife and asked her how much he owed her. "Two of your lead dogs," was her reply. He thought that was a steep price, but what could he do? He paid.

Two years later, due to low fur prices and a growing family (Pauline was next, born in Nikolai), the Grahams moved to Cordova where Sue and her 7 siblings grew up.



Sue on the left, Pauline (Graham) Herndon, mom Martha holding Jeanne (Graham) McElhany, John, Robert and Donald Graham (1961) // *Graham Family Photos*



*Smoker* // Watercolor, Ink, and Pencil by Sergei Bogatchev

*Sunrise from that spot on Hawkins Island -- Looking towards Cordova*

*(Submitted by Greg Mans)*



*Photograph by Ryan Casey*

## **All that is Real is the Love**

By Oshiana Black

If life were a day  
Your presence is all that means anything  
Your genuine eyes, the invisible movement of the optical nerve  
The vibrations of your organs.

We carve out our time together  
Unbury the child spirit  
The memories and snippets  
Just to be with you is all there is.

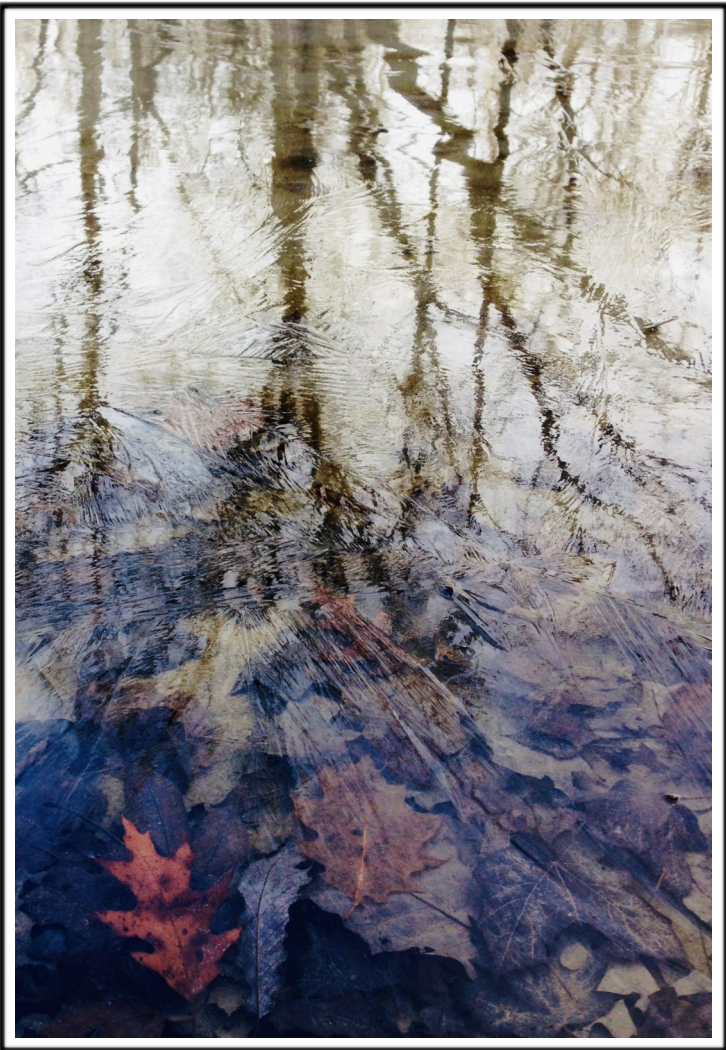
*(continues on next page)*

We ride the wave of encouragements  
Void the blocks.  
We hold each other in the shrewdest of trenches  
We absorb it - that this day's hours are waning, futile  
And isn't it a wonderful, blissful, sorrowful feeling?

Have cognizance of the water's molecules  
Slippery hydrogen with its single electron  
As a life, in a day is sequenced- 360 degrees, Pi times the radius squared.

Reality is an internal construct  
Of Imperfect perfections where  
The love is all that is real.





*Photograph* by David Lynn Grimes

## **GIFTS FROM MY DAD**

By Jeanie Gold

Have always preferred the outdoors  
And the quiet of my own company.

Abundantly private, inwardly reflective,  
who loves being with those dearest to me.

Though not strongly social, happy  
To lend a helping hand, and friendly.

Traits, I inherited from my dad.

Like him, I find the outside world of people  
Often tumultuous and loud

Juxtaposed with tranquil places  
Where peace and serenity abound.

Far-prefer hushed ways and sounds  
To the opposite circulating 'round.

*(continues on next page)*

Soothed by the space of my home place,  
A sanctuary of sweet embrace

A gentle cocoon giving me shelter  
From the hustle-bustle of day-to-day,

Where I breathe softly and with ease  
Like trees gently swaying, in a midsummer breeze.

These gifts from my dad that I treasure  
Have kept him near, through the years.

Though he is long gone and I am up in age,  
Something interesting's emerged in this later stage.

Looking in the mirror now, I often see his face  
In features and in lines that can easily be traced.

Sometimes, I pause in silence and visit for a spell,  
Which always gives my heart a deep, tender loving swell.

*(So glad you were my Dad!)*



Jeanie with dad Hank (1957) // *Ebbighausen Family Photos*

## At the Eye

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

At the eye of a poem  
Yea, near the center  
At a portal you might enter  
open eyed,  
on a pathway  
of metaphoric words  
Stepping stones sticky  
with expression

As the tide runs by  
still drying fresh  
this ain't no test  
At the eye of a poem

With the sand  
in your eyes . . . full blown  
Broncing Buck . . . nearly thrown  
into the questions still growing  
from that last thought  
reined back to a trot

Thundering on the hooves  
of eminent meaning

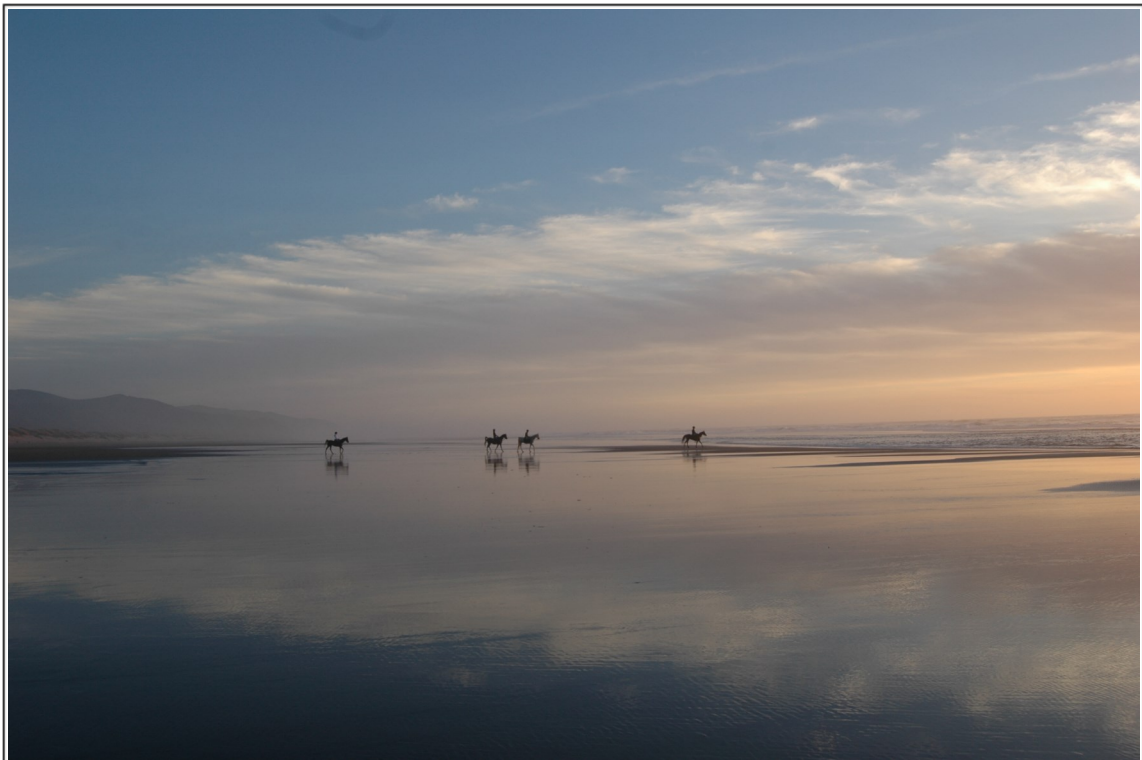
Yea,  
at the eye of a poem  
at the tip of a tongue  
top wrung,  
at the hand hold  
of having it  
questioned  
again

At the eye of a poem  
where it turns  
and it gives itself  
a full embrace  
a tender kiss on the face  
Yea, near the center  
At the eye of a poem

Thundering on the hooves  
of eminent meaning

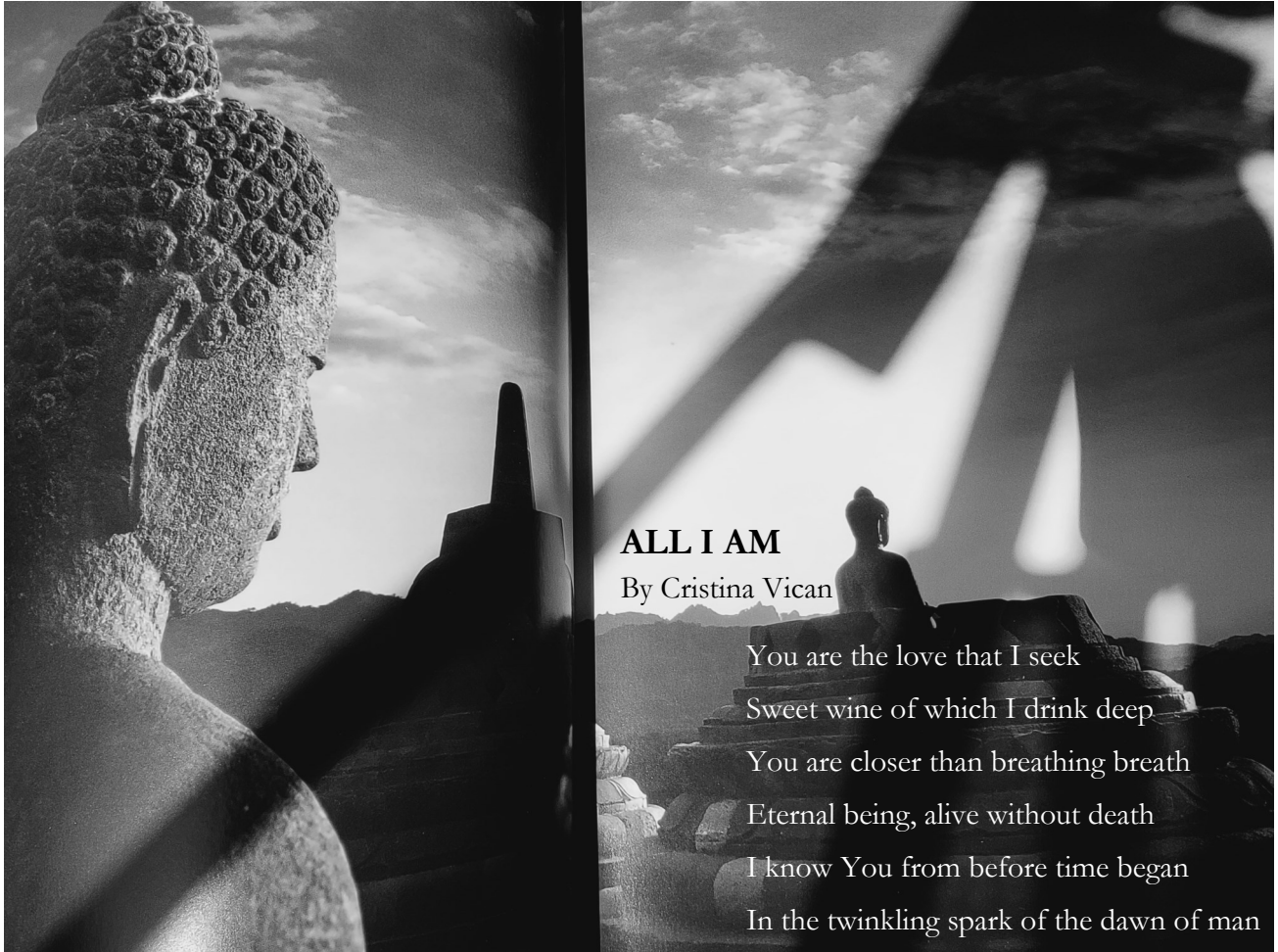
Top wrung  
Handhold  
Tip of a tongue  
Sticky with expression

At the eye of a poem.



*Photograph* by Chris Byrnes

*Photograph* by David Saiget



## **ALL I AM**

By Cristina Vican

You are the love that I seek  
Sweet wine of which I drink deep  
You are closer than breathing breath  
Eternal being, alive without death  
I know You from before time began  
In the twinkling spark of the dawn of man

Though these earthly eyes see You not  
And these ears deaf, save to what man has wrought  
I Know You are Here  
I feel You are near  
In You I AM calm  
In You this precious moment lives on  
You are all I have ever been  
All I could ever be  
YOU are All I AM

# Agelong

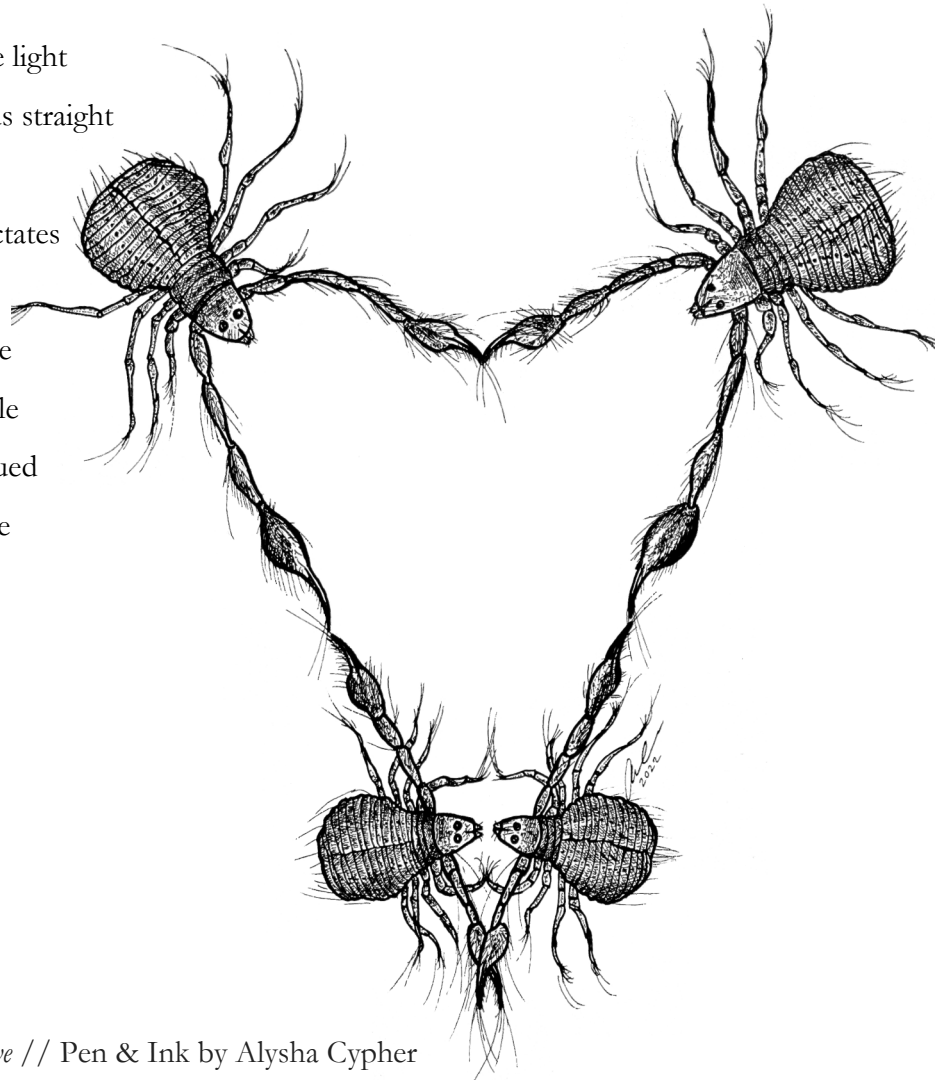
By Jillian Gold

Oh, knee-high holy gift that night  
So softened stark of sterile tile  
A rainbow in a world of white  
Stacked paper tightly held in file

A friend that I already knew  
From timeless and uncertain great  
Not basic forms like names on cue  
But commune in a figure eight

Though we crossed there in severe light  
Where steady hands would press us straight  
Our glitter raged in order's spite  
And blurred what edges square dictates

Your laughter urged so warm a hue  
It taught to counter glare with smile  
Your love was red, cut out, and glued  
To mine, there for a precious while



*Pseudoscorpion Love* // Pen & Ink by Alysha Cypher



*Harpy Eagle and Agnes Martin* // Oil on Canvas by P. Payne

## **Having A Body Is A Nuisance, Having Consciousness Is A Curse**

By RETH

When I look into your eyes, I see myself.

Staring back with scrutiny. It feels as though it's been an eternity. You've held my gaze far too long. Look away. Don't perceive me. Because if you see me then you'll know all my flaws. Every imperfection glaring nakedly back at me. Flashed by the reality of being. Why can't I simply be nothing? Impossible, Silly. You can't be nothing when all you are matters. Never to be created nor destroyed. You can't escape, only alter your state of being. You look at me and I see myself. Those eyes hold fractals of agony, history repeated. Each piece is infinitely more distressed than the last. Edges jagged, worn from years of existing. Yet, I still see the crystals through all of your panes. Beautiful, isn't it? Perspective. I've had enough of this vanity, maybe it's time I turn away from the mirror.

## Stainless Steel

*Photo and Haiku*

By Hasan, Peter, and Leif

See your reflection  
in amazing stainless steel  
It will never rust

*(even in Cordova!)*





## Illusions of Separateness

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

Illusions of separateness  
 Split the world around me  
 Disguising as separate  
 Is dependency  
 Disguised is relation  
 And connectivity  
 Disguised in the obvious  
 Simplistic of need  
 Disguised in the flesh  
 And hearts of the sea.

Like the fisherman's heart  
 And other such breeds  
 At the heart of predation  
 Is a heart naturally  
  
 Strong from the beats  
 Of its activity  
 And the fitness of passions  
 Occasionally pleased  
 Strong from connections  
 That are felt  
 If one's eased . . . past the sense  
 Of illusion that it's all separately.

*(continues on next page)*



*Photograph by Chris Byrnes*

Those illusions of separateness  
That we exist on our own  
Contained in our bodies  
Outside all we've known  
Dividing up nature  
'Til we're divided alone  
At the top of some food chain  
That we'll conquer and own.

Illusions of separateness  
Like my boat in the sea  
Like the sea cools my engine  
While my sweat's cooling me  
My sweat dries to salt  
Like the salts of the sea  
Evolved in my species  
Like salmon to streams  
Evolved into patterns  
Like feathers to breeze.

It's an illusion of separateness  
That those salmon aren't us  
Or the cod or the halibut  
Or the boom or the bust  
Or the moss-covered old growth  
Or the bait that we cut  
Or the ice of the arctic  
Or the roads that we rut.

Illusions of separateness  
Like the sky and the bay  
Like the crabs and the sea floor  
Like the night and the day  
So encased by enclosures  
Of electrified light  
Where a world's brought inside  
By a space satellite.

*(continues on next page)*

It's an illusion of separateness  
Wild salmon and me  
Yeah, I try to catch them  
And they try to stay free  
The forces we share  
That's our life energy  
So woven together  
As allowed by the sea  
Cold and uncaring  
But together we'll be  
But as strands in the web  
Of its complexity.



*Photograph by Steve Schoonmaker*

Illusions of separateness  
Like my net in the sea  
Like being a gillnetter  
And brutality  
Laying deception  
To the forces that be  
So directly connecting  
This salmon and man  
This blood on his deck  
With the cash in his hand.

It's an illusion of separateness

This life and this death  
This eater and eaten  
In connective digest  
Each purely energy  
Sustained in life's quest  
Sustained by connection  
And not separateness.

Illusions of separateness  
Under clear plastic wraps  
De-creaturized portions  
Circle drains as our craps  
Flushed from the rooms  
Of our privacy's lies  
As the fans of our restrooms  
Share the truth with the skies.

*(continues on next page)*



*Photograph by Marleen Moffitt*

Our illusions of separateness  
In our cars, boats, and planes  
In our shoes are ten toes  
In our hats larger brains  
Exposed to pollutants  
That our bloodstreams contain  
And climactic responses  
To temperature's gains  
Yet, we're kind of like junkies  
Too unconscious to change.

Illusions of separateness  
Claim religions and borders  
Through the races of peoples  
And hierarchy orders.

Illusions of separateness  
Through the red and the blue  
Through the us and the them  
Through the me and the you.

Illusions of separateness  
Like that first domino  
And the last to fall down  
In reaction's flow  
Connected, connected  
One to the next  
All affects all  
And with no separateness.

Our illusions of separateness  
They're dividing our time  
Our future expectations  
With a clear frame of mind  
Devoid of illusions  
Consciously whole  
Not divided in psyche  
Under illusion's control.

*(continues on next page)*

Because illusions of separateness  
Will run down to the sea  
Though the streets to the rivers  
By the gutters retrieve  
Disguised in the sewer  
Is connectivity  
Disguised in the obvious  
Simplistic of need  
Disguised in the flesh  
And the hearts of the sea.  
  
Like the fisherman's heart  
And other such breeds  
At the heart of predation  
Is a heart naturally  
Strong from the beats  
Of its activity

And the fitness of passions  
Occasionally pleased  
Strong from connections  
That are felt if one's eased  
Past that sense of illusions  
That it's all separately.  
  
Because we are the ocean  
Yeah, we are the sky  
People, we are those salmon  
As the sun's going by  
Ours is to live  
As ours is to die  
Because we are the same  
As it all, without I.



*Photograph by*  
Julie Reynolds

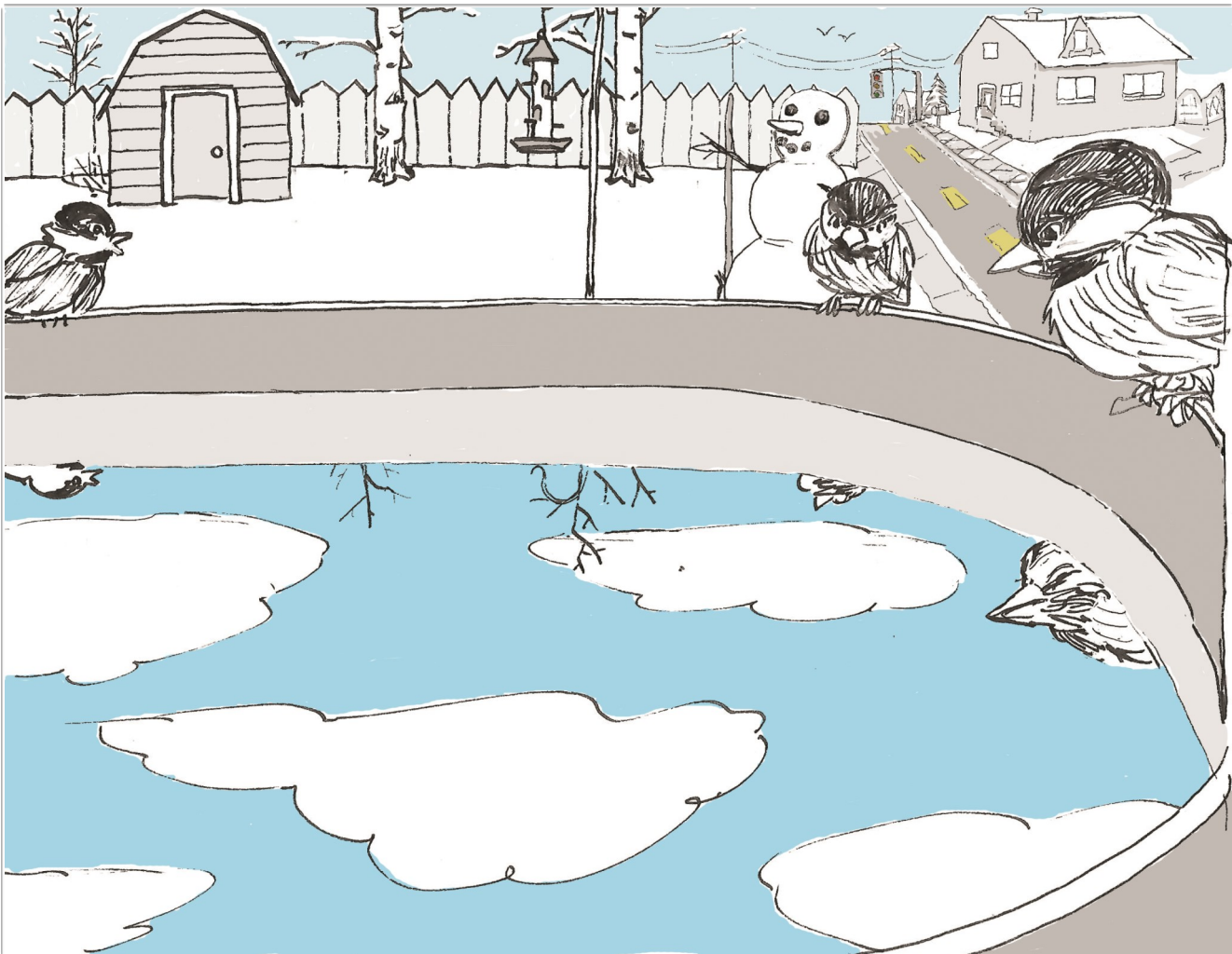
## Relative

By Jillian Gold

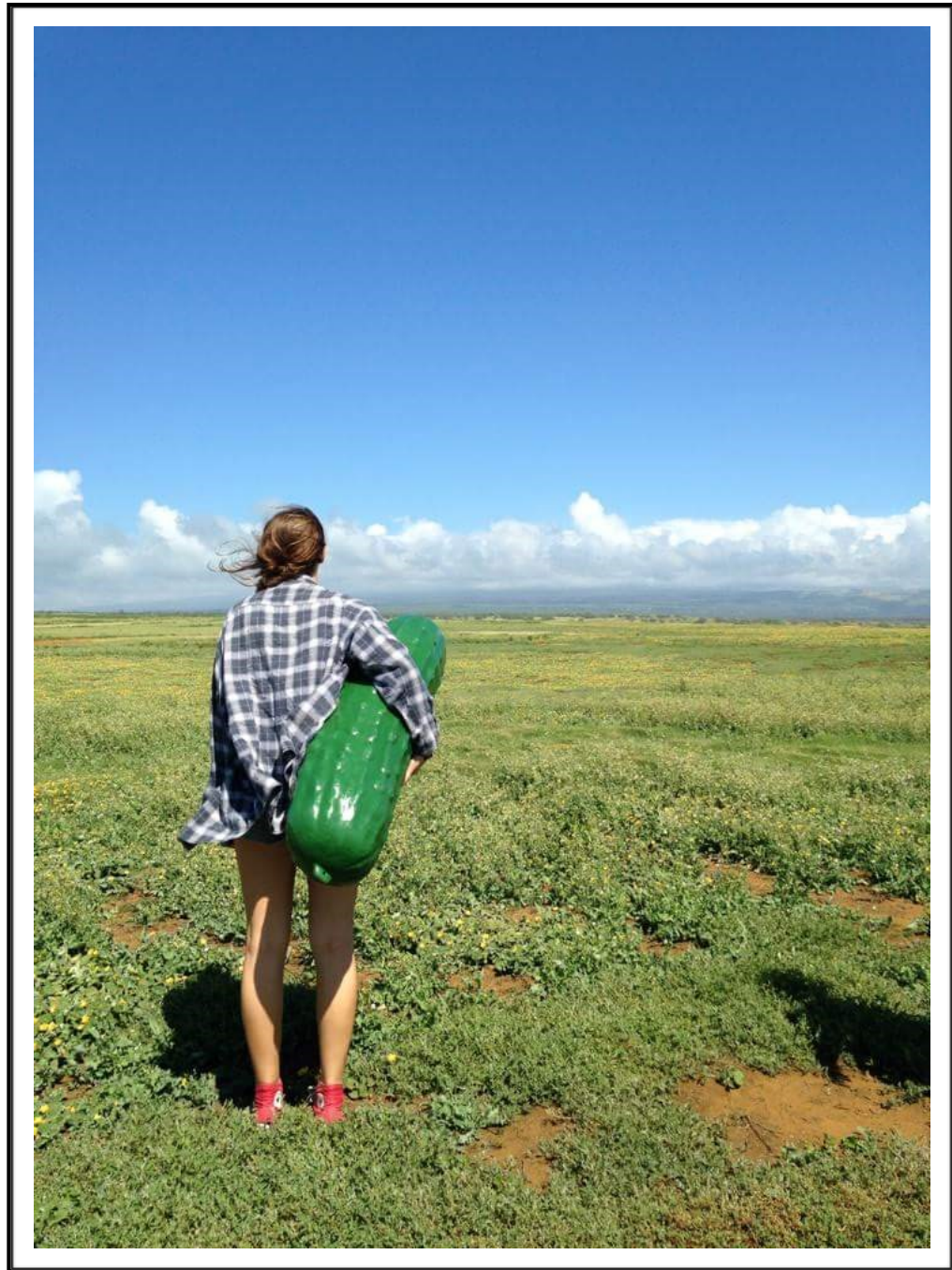
We are learning from each other  
All of us and always, feeling  
The relevance of timing like  
*When, where* our lives and selves express  
Values as relative functions

Consider how we miss siblings  
In ways visits won't satisfy  
Aches for a shared and unique world  
Spoiled by years and distance growing  
Us, though apart, still equating

Lines we trace of our grandparents'  
Faces on children now who share  
Tubs with worlds constructed in foam  
Suctioned to porcelain, squeaking



Digital Illustration by Sam Bair



*Dill of a Lifetime // Photo by Belinda Govatos (Submitted by Jude)*

## The Sentient Toad

---

By Rob *The Professor* Brown &

Aviva *The Doctor* Kinoko

*What is me? What is we?*

*I have but a few questions you see!*

*Is there a god? How many are thee?*

*Is life but branches on a tree?*

*Will the world keep spinning infinitely?*

*Why wonder, Why ask, when it's impossible to know?*

*Half of what we think is real is because some said so.*

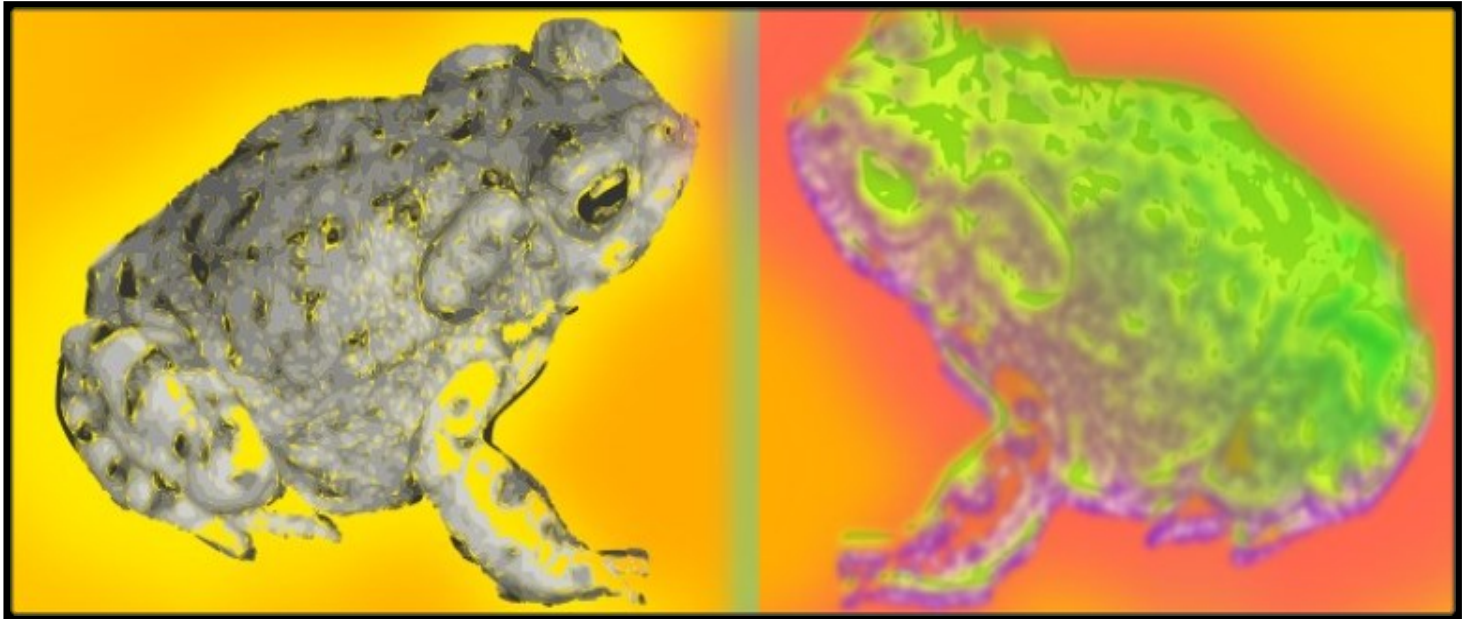
*And if there is infinite skies and dimensions,*

*I'm happy on earth currently stationed.*

*For reality is only what we perceive it to be.*

*So we're better off creating what we love*

*and loving what we see.*



*Digital Collage by Rob Brown*



*Coral Snakes and Kline* // Oil on Canvas by P. Payne

# Nyctophobia

By Elizabeth Allison

You stand alone  
in the dark.

The pale moon peeks from the stars  
as the sun descends casting orange  
hues in the dark,  
clouds fade.

Polar-white hand tosses  
musgravite dust into the sky.  
Born of gas.  
Makes you wonder about the possibilities.

From the North and South Pole,  
blowing waves of emerald, violet and blue,  
like the night light in your room.

They fade,  
tucking you into the night's quilt.  
Still feeling the warmth that the light gave you

You close your eyes,  
no longer afraid.





*Photograph by David Saiget*

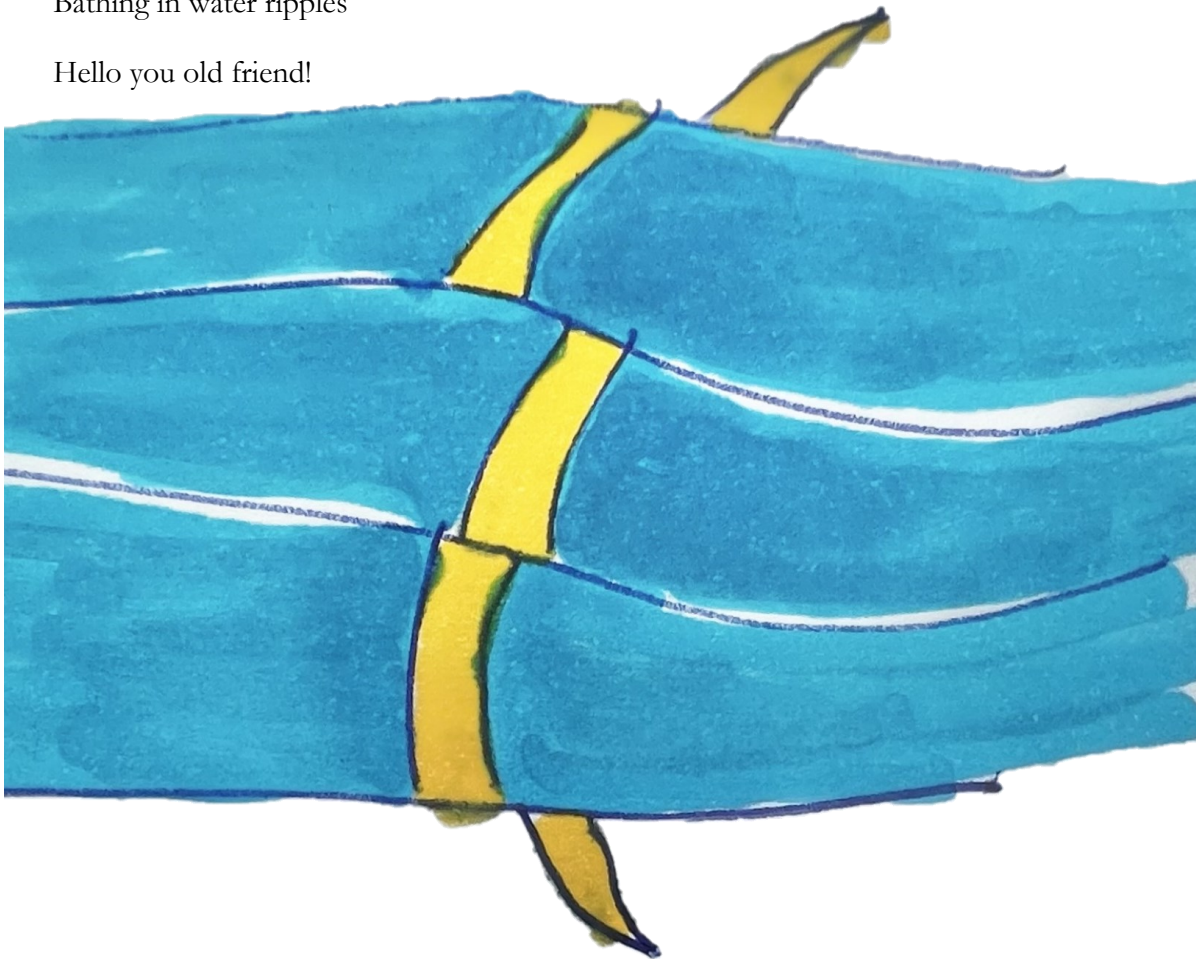
## Haiku & Illustration

By David Lynn Grimes

White bright crescent moon

Bathing in water ripples

Hello you old friend!





## Denali Storm

By Ronald Andersen

*Photograph by Marleen Moffitt*

An inky blackness fills much of the horizon as I maneuver the shuttle bus through Grassy Pass at MP 67.57, 2 miles beyond Eielson Visitor Center deep in Denali National Park. Wonder Lake, our destination, lies 18 miles distant along the narrow windy dirt road following the rolling lateral moraine deposited thousands of years ago as the Muldrow Glacier shrank. A cloud of dust rises behind the wheels and coats the nearby vegetation with another layer of dust. Gray clouds bring a false dusk that turns the colors into a virtual black and white photograph.

A short while later, we hear a loud crack. A lightning strike 2 or 3 hundred yards ahead fills the bus with light, followed by thunder sounding like a hundred tympanies. A bit of blue smoke billows up as we drive by. Everything to our left is dense black, like a blackout curtain dropped in front of Mountains Mather, Tri-Pyramid, Deception, Brooks, Silverthrone, and then Denali. A small hole opens in the now very dark cloud in front of us and a beam of sunlight shines through. A small circle of the tundra is lit by the visible shaft of sunlight, only the solo dancer is missing on this very large stage.

To the north above the distant hills, bright blue sky shows between puffy white clouds, but the black and white view in front of us fixes our eyes.

At Wonder Lake, while the passengers take in the sites, swat pesky mosquitoes, and use the rest rooms, I sneak to a hidden part of the lake shore, strip off my clothes and crawl into the clear, cold, refreshing water. I swim out a ways and tread water as I rub the accumulated dust from my body. The blackness of the sky is unbelievable.

Suddenly I am aware that the wind has shifted 180 degrees and is now coming from the west. The storm will now be going with us. *This could be a very interesting trip back*, I think as I swim to shore.

The cold water and my clean body invigorate me. In the increasing wind, I shiver as I slip my clothes on over my wet body then trot to the bus.

*(continues on next page)*

We are the last bus out of the park. As we wind our way toward Eielson Visitor Center, the alders and willows bend in the increasing wind like arrows showing us the way home. Blackness follows us. Smoke still rises from the lightning strike. Caught by the wind, it chases the bus.

A loud rolling clap of thunder follows another flash. Drops like tiny water balloons hit the windshield. More and more, faster and faster. The rain turns to hail. A thousand drummers drumming. Voices almost inaudible. Hail bounces off the road and the hood like popcorn. Wipers cannot keep the windshield clear enough to drive. I am forced to stop the bus. When the key is turned, only the sound of the hail and wind reach our ears. Such an intense storm creates opposing feelings. Some fearful. *Will we make it home safely? Will we get back tonight?* Others exciting.

Experiencing such a storm is a rarity and therefore becomes unforgettable. The windows fog up immediately with the sudden drop in air temperature outside.

Almost as quickly as the downpour began, it ceases. The silence is deadening. The road has turned white. No one speaks. A bit of fear shows on some faces. We have almost 80 miles to go.

The moisture coating the inside of the windows resists our desires to have it gone, even with the heaters and fans turned on high. As more water condenses onto the glass, large drops of water run down like little waterfalls, leaving clear paths. A roll of paper towels makes its way around the bus returning almost empty.

As we come through Grassy Pass again, we are met by thick mud moving down the steep bank on our left and flowing across the guardrail-less road and down toward the flood plain several hundred feet below.

*(continues on next page)*



*Photograph by Hamish Laird*

I feel the bus slide sideways a little toward the drop off. I don't hear any breathing. I steer the bus slowly toward the uphill side. A glance in my outside mirror shows almost a foot and a half of mud flowing under the bus. Rocks bang into the side of the bus like we are traveling through a riot. I dare not let up on the gas. Steering is not very effective because of the slippery mud. I am not scared, just tense. The engine roars when traction is lost by the rear wheels and slows again when traction is gained. A pickup truck following us stops in the middle of the mud flow, unable to proceed.

When we get through the flowing mud, three inches or more of hail cover the road. Around a corner in the middle of the road, a ranger searches for a snow brush in her Blazer. Two dark slits of glass are all the wipers could clear.

A short distance beyond, the road is clear. There is no sign of hail. Did I just hear sighs of relief? The black wind-driven clouds take over the

mountains as we head toward the park entrance. As we ascend Highway Pass, the low sun streams through the clouds forming an intensely colored double rainbow. It is as if the small hole in the clouds was a lens focusing all of the sun's light in a narrow band. The outer rainbow, usually quite faint or invisible, is also very colorful, but still less so than main one.

Rain and rainbows accompany us as we go. When we reach the turnout at mile 17, we see another intense rainbow. I pull in. The rainbow, an almost complete circle interrupted only by a small portion of the valley floor, elicits more gasps and comments. First out the door, a photographer friend with his camera and ultra-wide-angle lens ready, snaps pictures as quick as he can of this rare sight. The rest of us jump out into the pouring rain. Transfixed by this dramatic production of Nature's, we don't feel the rain as it soaks us. This is too much to miss even a part of. The rainbow fades as the curtain of darkness descends and draws to a close the most spectacular day I have had in the park and we never even saw Denali.



*Watercolors* by Sergei Bogatchev

## Bowl of Light

By Toni Godes

Bowl of Light, fill with sun-love.

Let the new light

Stir with easy energy the long slumber.

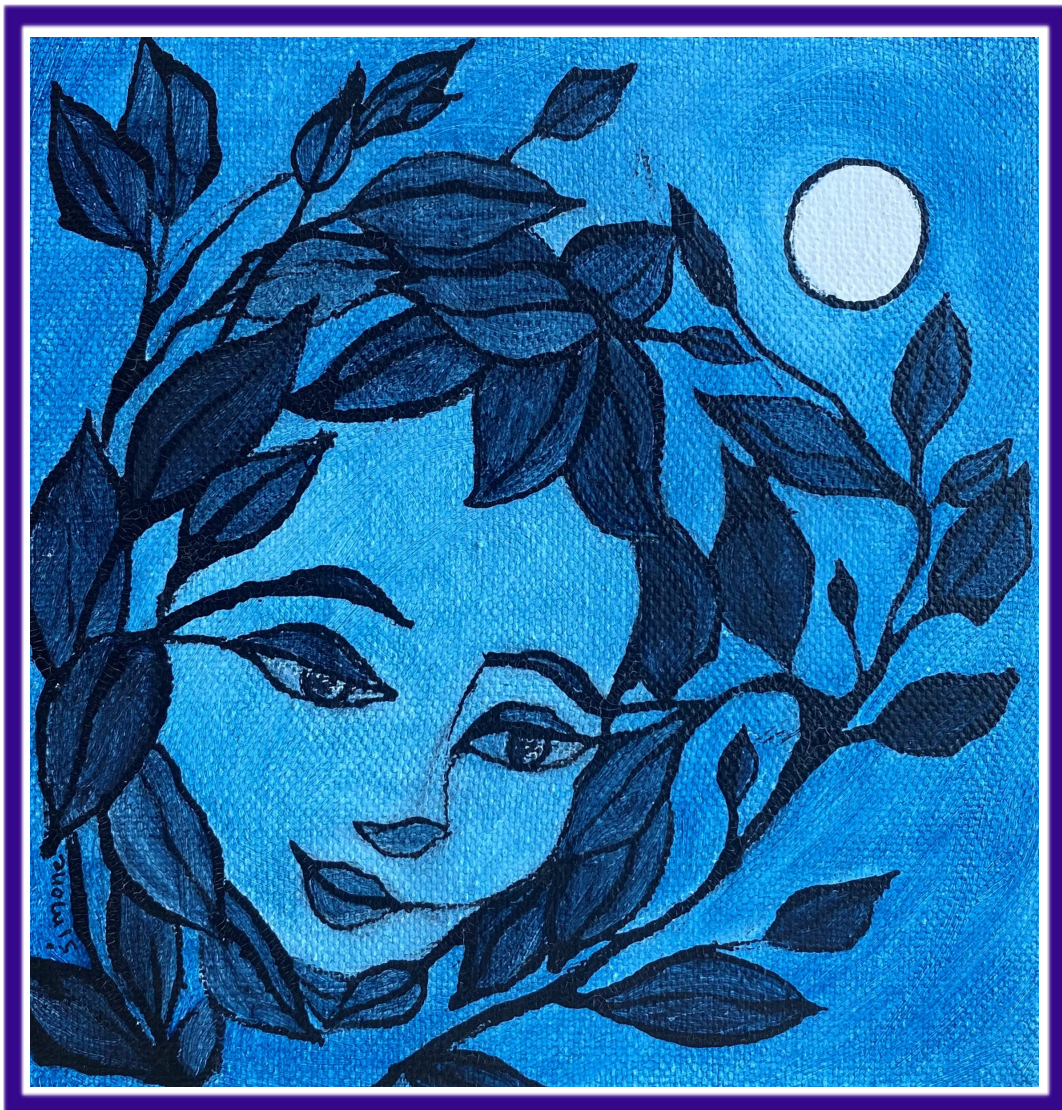
Cause the birds to sing

And the mountains to shake

Shake and sing and . . . snow

For that too brings new light

And the boisterous boats and boys who follow.



*Moonlight Sonata* // Ink & Oil on Canvas by Simone Raymond



*Photograph by David Saiget*

## Remaining

By Steve Schoonmaker — *F/V Saulteur*

It came from everywhere  
It found me when I found it  
It's all along my windowsills  
and at the outer edges of bookshelves  
. . . collecting dust  
accumulating Power  
Innate and present

Connecting a time  
Connecting a place  
Connecting an experience  
you can still nearly smell  
Suspended in the Power  
of It

Remaining . . .  
in a desert rock's red  
or a fossil, or a skull  
or a feather, a shell, or a bone  
Spent rifle cartridges  
Antlers and agates  
anchoring cobwebs

It came from everywhere  
It came from the past  
It found me when I found it  
Remaining . . . innate and present,  
accumulating Power

It keeps me as a souvenir  
It's the never really gone  
It's the never really dead  
Suspended in the Power  
of It  
Obviously still  
Remaining.



---

---

*Keeper of the Lost Cities fan art // Chalk Pastels by Sierra Westing*